

Life

JUNE 26, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



Two Heads Are Better Than One




**A Little nonsense now & then
 Is relished by the best of Men,
 But still a "little" you'll agree
 Won't bring on much Hilarity;
 If you would make your relish
 ampler,
 Obey that Impulse on this
 Sampler!**









LIFE, Sampler Dept.,
 598 Madison Ave.,
 New York City.

I should like to try your Sample Subscription, of 10
 issues for \$1 (\$1.20 in Canada, \$1.40 in Europe and en-
 vironments). Here's the money and a sample of my name
 and address

.....

.....



One Year \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80, Foreign, \$6.60)

WASHER BY R.C.P. 8277-JA-62/124



GOODRICH Balloon Cord

Balloon Cords
mean *Extra*
cushioning



BALLOON is an apt name for broad-gauge, low-air pressure tires because it implies the cushioning use of the air.

Air is nature's best cushion, and the lower the pressure, the better the cushion.

With their low-air pressure, Goodrich Balloon Cords give the motorist the betterment—the new ease and pleasure—he is always seeking.

It is a special, de luxe service in tires.

Just as riding in a parlor car is more comfortable than riding in a day coach, so riding on Balloon Cords is more comfortable than riding on high-air pressure tires.

Once Goodrich Balloon Cords are on a car, driver and passengers know a positive improvement. It is seen and felt in driving, maintaining, and enjoying the car.

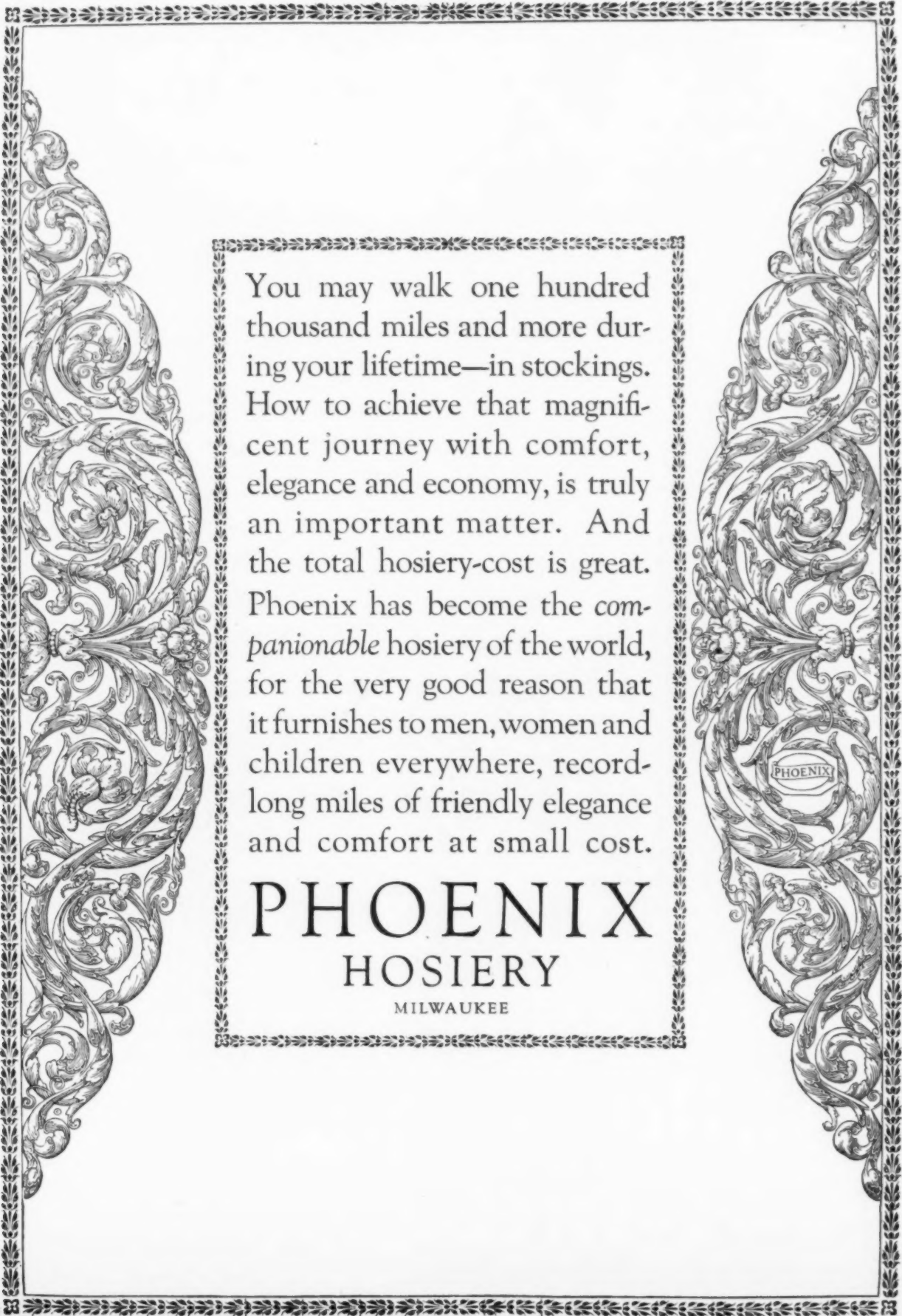
Call on a Goodrich Dealer, and ask him to tell you the latest facts and suggestions on Goodrich Balloon Cords.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

In Canada:
The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Limited, Toronto

The Goodrich "55" tire is made full size to meet the wishes of the discriminating owner of a light car.

OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT INVITES SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW USES OF RUBBER.



You may walk one hundred thousand miles and more during your lifetime—in stockings. How to achieve that magnificent journey with comfort, elegance and economy, is truly an important matter. And the total hosiery-cost is great. Phoenix has become the *companionable* hosiery of the world, for the very good reason that it furnishes to men, women and children everywhere, record-long miles of friendly elegance and comfort at small cost.

PHOENIX

HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

JUN 24 1924

Life

The Life of a Joke

FOLLOWING is the schedule of the natural life of a topical joke, derived from some news feature such as the Prince of Wales's equestrianism or the Teapot Dome scandal.

January 15, 1924—Appearance of subject in the news.

January 17, 1924—First paragraphs by newspaper columnists.

January 18, 1924—Off-color stories on subject circulated throughout Stock Exchange.

February 1, 1924—First joke in vaudeville.

February 10, 1924—First comic strip.

March 5, 1924—First joke in movie topical reviews.

April 15, 1924—Last paragraph by newspaper columnists.

May 3, 1924—First banquet stunt based on subject.

May 15, 1924—LIFE prints first joke.

June 10, 1924—First referred to facetiously by public speaker.

July 15, 1924—First musical revue number built around it.



TWO FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

July 28, 1924—First musical comedy joke.

August 10, 1924—First popular song.

September 1, 1924—Last comic strip.

October 15, 1924—Last joke in vaudeville.

November 10, 1924—Last musical revue number.

December 15, 1924—LIFE prints last joke.

January 11, 1925—Last movie topical review joke.

March 15, 1925—Last popular song.

May 5, 1926—Last referred to facetiously by public speaker.

February 9, 1927—Last musical comedy joke.

April, 1928—First humorous article in *Saturday Evening Post*.

R. C. Benchley.

Fielder's Choice

A BASEBALL player was wrangling with his manager about terms. The player had refused to sign a contract for the amount offered by the manager and the latter, somewhat peeved, asked:

"Well, tell me, on what basis will you play?"

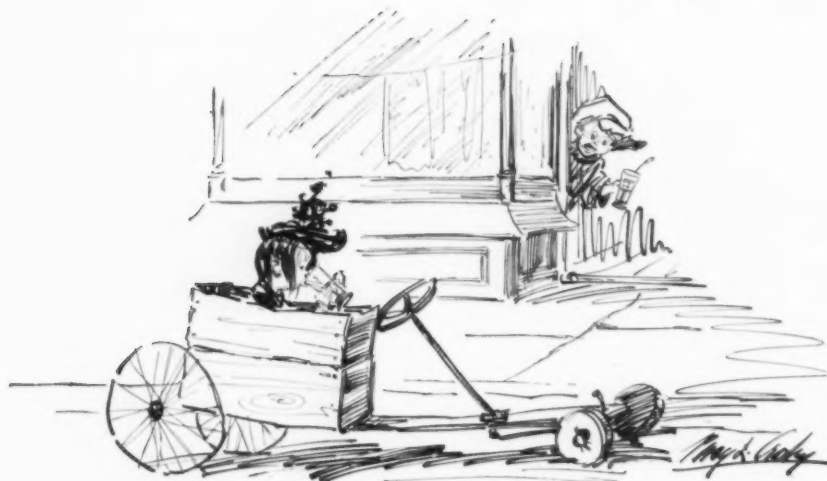
"First, second or third," replied the player.

HIS OWN TRUE LOVE (as she enters the taxi with him): You sit over on this side, dear—where you can't see the meter.



"GRACIOUS! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE."

"YES, THE RECKLESS FOOL. IT WOULD HAVE SERVED HIM RIGHT IF HE HAD HIT US."



"THE MAN SEZ YA MUST BRING IN THE GLASS NOW, YA HAD IT OUT DERE LONG ENOUGH!"

Why We Parted

MAUDE—Impossible to reach on the telephone.

Genevieve—Always hours late.

Helen—Too full of wise-cracks.

Constance—Lived too far uptown.

Betty—Always had another date.

Clara—Never had another date.

Elaine—Too hungry.

Louise—Her husband.

When the Joneses Bought a New Car

HE said—It's cheaper to buy a new car than run an old one. They allowed me an awful lot in trade. A closed car is much more sensible. Mrs. Jones never liked the old car anyway.

She said—We really can't afford a new car, but it's a lovely color. Be sure to have a "J" painted on the door.

His father said—Guess John must have done pretty well on that land deal. His car seemed all right. Well, it's none of my business if he buys half-a-dozen new cars.

His mother said—John didn't say anything to me on Sunday about buying a new car. You'd have thought he would mention it to his own mother. I just know *she* put the notion in his head. I always thought John's was a really nice car.

Her mother said—I hear John has a new car. I do hope it's more comfortable than his old one. We'll go

right over after supper and let them take us for a ride.

The neighbors said—Can you beat it? The Joneses have a new car. And he crying "hard-up" all winter! He might better have bought himself a lawn mower; then he wouldn't have to borrow ours on Saturday afternoons.

D. H. B.

"DIDN'T you just love the scenery after leaving Banff?"

"I never saw more wonderful freight cars."

Any Congressional Measure

BORN on Monday.

Debated on Tuesday.

Revised on Wednesday.

Passed on Thursday.

Vetoed on Friday.

Repassed on Saturday.

Effective on Sunday and thereafter until further notice, pending the decision of the Highest Court as to the constitutionality of the Act.

Mah Jong Sayings

NO man is a hero to his Mah Jong teacher.

It's an ill wind that gives nobody Mah Jong.

God created the world in six days and rested on the seventh, but all days are alike to the Mah Jong fiend.

The Chinese gave us gunpowder to stir up hate among men; and now they have given us Mah Jong to do the same for women.

Formerly, to eat peas with a knife was the last word in social degradation; now it is to think Mah Jong a kind of chop suey.

The wife of an artist has to live on love, but the husband of a Mah Jong player doesn't get even that much to eat.

HE who laughs last is usually he who has just caught the point.



BACK TO NATURE

Intelligence Test for Candidates

Statecraft

IF you view the state of the nation with alarm, cross the middle finger of the left hand over the index finger, but if you point with pride, go jump off a dock.

Add two and two. If the resulting sum is five and seven-eighths, compare it with the size of your hat and substitute your own tax bill for the administration measure.

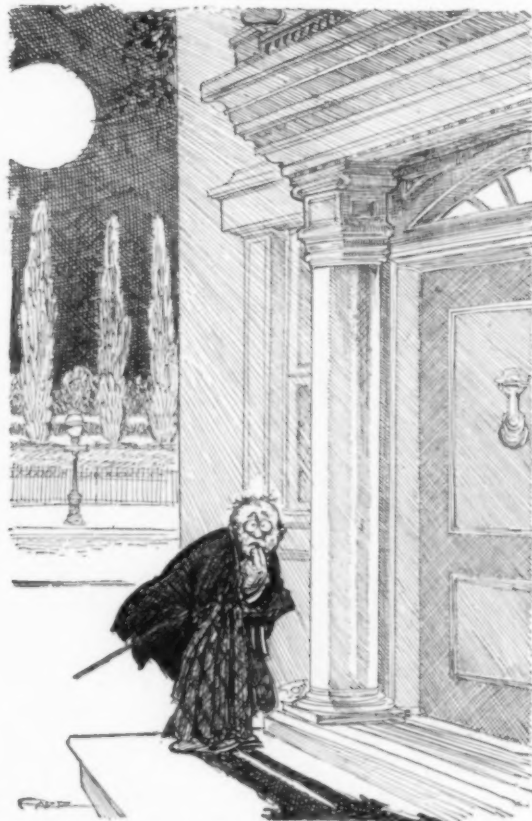
State the number of post offices in the Congressional District you aspire to represent. Should you believe they are sufficient, write a letter enrolling in a Correspondence Art School; if not, estimate how much yearly income you expect to make furnishing patent medicine testimonials.

If you subscribe to Stephen Decatur's toast, "Our country—right or wrong," state how many hyphens compose a constituency; but if you disagree, skip the editorial page of the *New York Times* and list the two American names you may find in the *Manufacturer's* advertising columns.

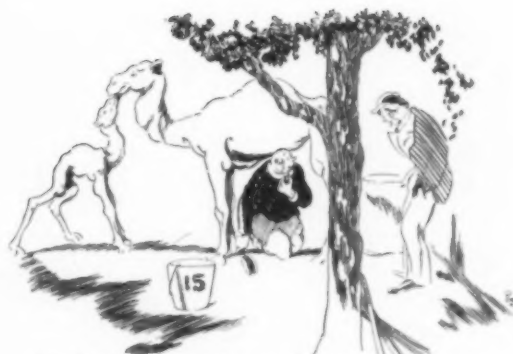
Public Characters

UNDERLINE whichever pursuits you believe the following are engaged in:

Henry Cabot Lodge—Slack-wire performer, soft-shoe



Voice through the Door: IS THAT YOU, WILLIAM?
"HM, IF SHE'D SAID 'BILL' I'D HAVE GONE IN—BUT NOT 'William.'"



Bill (late of the monkey cage): IT AIN'T TH' EXTRA WORK I MINDS SO MUCH, ALF, IT'S TH' LOOKS O' TH' THING. ANYBODY'D TAKE ME FER A BLOOMIN' SHEIK!

dancer, movie actor, monkey-wrench thrower, fence straddler.

Hiram W. Johnson—Lemon grower, weather expert, charities worker, Ambassador to Japan, realtor.

Calvin Coolidge—Radio broadcaster, circus barker, train announcer, baseball umpire, operatic tenor.

Harry M. Daugherty—Prohibition enforcement agent, trust buster.

William G. McAdoo—Oil promoter, cowpuncher, locomotive engineer, plumber, antiquarian.

General

If it takes a farmer and three hands 3 months, 24 days to raise a crop of wheat, how long will it take a linotype operator to set a 7,800-word speech explaining a "yea" vote on a bill appropriating \$2,672,469.43 to dredge Feeble Creek to a uniform depth of 2 feet, 6½ inches?

What is the proportion of votes reaped to each package of free seeds sown?

A party worker holds office for eight years and is retired because the election is crooked. How much does the nation owe him for an option on his future services?

What effect will the padlocking of cabarets have on the spread of the hoof and mouth disease?

How many liquor permits does it take to make a bonded warehouse profitable?

James K. McGuinness.

Quaint Old England

ON the day of the Derby in England sixteen miles of automobiles choked all the roads leading to Epsom Downs. The terrific traffic was directed by policemen in balloons, using wireless telephones for the purpose.

In deference to an old British custom, the race itself was run by horses.

MRS. BROWN: I'll give you fifty cents if you'll mow my yard.

WILLIE: It's sixty cents this year, Mrs. Brown. You see, my lawn mower is duller.

RECIPE for Popular Novel—Marry in haste—repent in four hundred pages.



Grandmother: YOU DON'T SEEM INTERESTED IN THIS STORY.
Betty: NO, AN' NEITHER DO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE IN IT.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

June
19th

My breakfast tray piled high with mail, upon which I fell with great excitement, forasmuch as I have never lost the childish hope that something delightful and unexpected may happen to me, albeit I am void of rich octogenarian uncles, nor is it likely that I shall be offered a chance in the motion pictures, or Sam a post as ambassador to some thrilling foreign capital. But Lord! the bulk of the correspondence was from tradespeople calling my attention to this and that sale of rugs and wearing apparel, and I do think there should be a law against such announcements' being got out in the guise of personal letters addressed in handwriting that is falsely familiar, life being full enough of legitimate disappointments. I was horror-stricken to remember at the sight of a note from our cozen Amy that I did forget to send her a birthday gift last week, nor can I feign a mistake about the date without inviting the accusation of failing faculties, so up and off to purchase her something so costly that a lie about its delinquent delivery may pass, and I do hope they who assert that money can do anything know whereof they speak.

June
20th

A great argument with Sam this morning over the economic status of my sex, a controversy purely academic, thank God, wherein I had the right of it, too, but yielded the issue when I saw of what moment his convictions were to him, forasmuch as coming off victorious in a debate means naught to me when a graceful concession will end it. Nor can I grasp the zeal of

(Continued on page 31)

Life Lines

IT remains for the Democrats to show New York a ticket that won't fall into the hands of a speculator.

A club has been formed to broadcast the fact that President Coolidge was born on July 4th. Why not have the date made a national holiday?

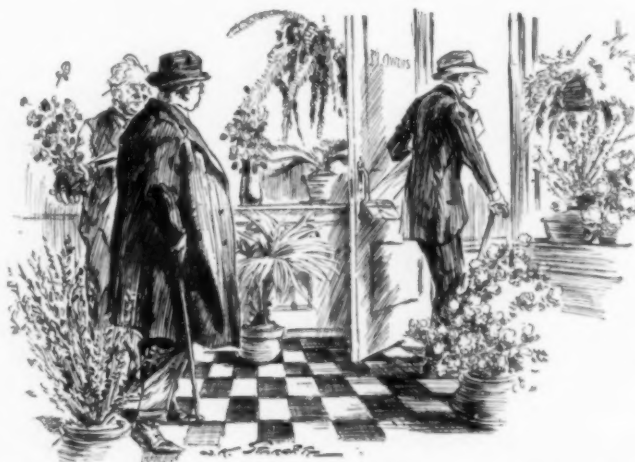
"Can't I change my mind like a woman?" inquires the former Peggy Hopkins Joyce, married for the fourth time. Well, three times out of three is a pretty good average.

On the same occasion, Miss Joyce announced that she was "ill from distasteful publicity." It is evidently a chronic complaint.

When the No Parking rule becomes effective on Broadway, what will people do with their brains when they attend a musical show?

"Two-thirds of your battle is won if you can engage the criminal in conversation," says an authority on hold-ups. In the case of lady bandits, however, one should not speak until one has been formally introduced.

The Louisiana legislature wants the Ku Klux Klansmen in that state to unmask. We can't help feeling that they should let well enough alone.



Florist: THERE'S A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BOUGHT FLOWERS HERE EVERY WEEK FOR THE LAST YEAR. HE IS GOING TO BE MARRIED IN A FEW DAYS.

"KIND O' TOUGH ON YOU—LOSING SUCH A GOOD CUSTOMER."

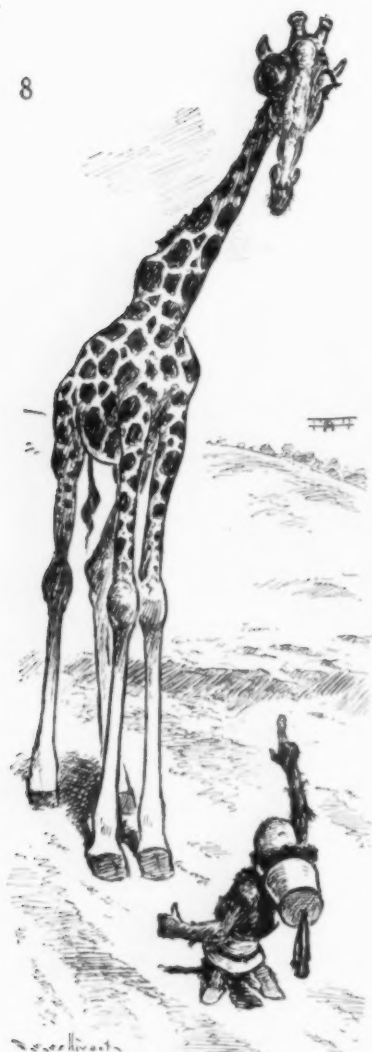


BOB,
SON OF BATTLE



• THE BITER BIT •





"OH, WHAT A LOVELY BLACK EYE; WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"
"AN AIRPLANE FLEW INTO ME."

Bedtime Story

ONCE upon a time there was a censor who had succeeded in having laws passed prohibiting everything, as a result of which everybody was in jail. So the censor wandered forlornly over the earth, the most miserable of creatures. With everybody in jail, no more laws could be broken and he was denied the satisfaction of punishing people. He was about to commit suicide, when a bright idea came to him. He hurriedly got a law passed prohibiting the keeping of people in jail. In a short time all the jails were emptied; the censor rolled up his sleeves, and, with joy in his heart, set happily to work having people arrested, convicted and imprisoned.

The Man with an Eye for Beauty

THE President of the Purity Herring Canning and Preserving Company had just returned from an auto trip and was in high spirits. He rang for his secretary.

"Tell the advertising manager I want to see him immediately," he said, lighting a fat black cigar.

The advertising manager soon appeared.

"Sit down," ordered the president, "I want to talk to you. I've just returned from a sight-seeing trip in my auto and I've made some discoveries. Did you ever notice that beautiful little waterfall at Glendale? It's just a cascade but it's worth seeing. Of course you have. Now here's the point: couldn't we put one of our billboards up right between it and the road? People would have to see it—our billboard, I mean—seeing they would be attracted by the presence of running water. Good. Now here's another thing: there's a gorgeous little stretch of scenery in the woods up near the state line. Supposing we put one of our boards—a single red herring with the name 'Purity' in large green letters—at the start and at the end of the stretch? People would take the impression with them, in that way; the impression of our ad, I mean. Another thing: do you know that glen you come on unexpectedly right off the road over at Waterville? Good. Now my idea is to erect a huge herring billboard on the far side of the glen—get the idea? Well, that'll be all."

The advertising manager took his cue and left.

"What a pleasure it will be," mused the president, lighting another fat black cigar, "a month or so hence, to see those places again." And he puffed away in pleasant contemplation of the prospect.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Easy

"ALL the world loves a lover."

"Sure. He never kicks about the price."

Film Philosophy

NO fashionable dinner-party is complete without paper hats, toy balloons, a troupe of dancing cuties, and several jazz bands.

All villains are invariably dressed within an inch of their lives.

All heroes have a tough time of it.

All college boys own fast motor cars, are always deep in debt, and spend most of their time fox-trotting with brunette adventuresses.

There is nothing quite so humorous as the business of falling into a barrel of, say, maple syrup.

All Englishmen wear monocles, tweed ulsters, and flowers in their buttonholes.

Every hero eventually marries a heroine.

Famous Hands

- across the sea.
- out.
- kerchief.
- that rocks the cradle.
- some is as — some does.
- organ.
- Royal Straight Flush.

MOTHER: Baby has a new tooth!

FATHER: Well, that's one thing less for him to cry for!



First Bricklayer: ED, SEEMS TO ME THAT WALL'S OUT OF PLUMB.

Second Bricklayer (disgustedly): BILL, YOU TALK JUST LIKE A ARCHYTECK.



"HOW MUCH DO YOUR CIGARETTES COST YOU?"
"OH—ABOUT ONE FRIEND A WEEK."

To a Modern Youth

COMPLEXES, like complexions, are not always what they are painted.

The latter-day lily is fully capable of attending to her own gilding.

As a general rule, the simpler the frock the more sophisticated the design.

Always be a little behind the style; it will come back to you in time.

The proper study of man is man, but only woman seems to profit by it.

Observe the tendency in automotive engineering: the emphasis is being placed on better braking capacity, rather than on increased power.

Latterly, the atmosphere of the

barber shop has been transported to the drawing room, and that of the drawing room to the barber shop, to the detriment of both.

In the old days a hand reaching for a hip pocket meant trouble; it still does.

Never stand on your dignity; it is too uncertain a footing.

Don't do your marrying by decrees. Many successful men of these times, strange as it may seem, acquired an education without the assistance of a raccoon coat.

Before you become too proficient at any game think of the suffering endured by bridge experts since Mah Jong became popular. J. K. M.



WHY THEY NEVER MARRIED

She (sweetly): NOW, YOU BIG HULKING BRUTE, LET'S SEE YOU TRY OUT SOME OF YOUR FAMOUS CAVE-MAN TACTICS.

The Old Story

"WON'T you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly.

"Won't you visit us over the weekend?" said the beaming hostess to the young man. "Little Grace Milford is coming."

WEDNESDAY—the weekend's day of rest.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$271,448.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 45,925 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,328.20
Georgine H. Thomas, E. Gloucester, Mass.....	55.00
Mrs. E. P. Lea, South Orange, N. J.....	5.00
Jane, Robert and John B. Jameson, Jr., Concord, N. H.....	15.00
Nathaniel Saltonstall, Williamstown, Mass.....	5.00
Bloomer Bros. Co., Newark, N. Y.....	15.00
Mrs. Rex Beach, Ardsley-on-Hudson, N. Y.....	10.00
Mrs. Henry Epstein, Woodmere, N. Y.....	5.00
A. Friend, Philadelphia.....	100.00
Mrs. Isabella Brandow, N. Y. City.....	10.00
Mrs. Edw. W. Hooker, Hartford, Conn.....	11.00
Mrs. S. P. Sayer, Montclair, N. J.....	10.00
Mrs. J. E. Cooper, New Britain, Conn.....	12.00
Marion B. Dean, Locust Valley, N. Y.....	5.00
In memory of J. and J. C. de B. S., Orange, N. J.....	11.00
Sammy and Jack Scribner, Bronxville, N. Y.....	4.00
A. F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn.....	11.00
Robert F. Cordingley, Newton Center, Mass.....	3.00
Ernest C. Wills, N. Y. City.....	25.00
Elizabeth Glidden, Englewood, N. J.....	2.00
C. D. Snedeker, Perth Amboy, N. J.....	10.00
C. A. G., Atlantic City, N. J.....	10.00
Edwin Gould, N. Y. City.....	100.00
Mrs. Eva Edgar Wright, Brockton, Mass.....	15.00
F. H. van Peski, Andover, Mass.....	5.00
Lawrence B. Elliman, N. Y. City.....	25.00
M. J. H. W., Newton, Mass.....	25.00
Helen Ives Driggs, Waterbury, Conn.....	15.00
Anonymous, Boston.....	1.00
John D. Williams, Boston.....	10.00
Byron Chandler, Douglas Manor, N. Y.....	5.00
Mrs. Henry S. Niemitz, Maplewood, N. J.....	11.00
Gordon Gordon, N. Y. City.....	20.00
Prescott, Benjamin W. and Thomas S. Childs, Jr., Holyoke, Mass.....	25.00

(Continued on page 32)



"MISTER, IF YA SEE ANY OF THE KIDS OF THE FRESH AIR FARM, GIVE 'EM ME REGARDS."



THE KEY UNDER THE MAT

AS WE SOMETIMES IMAGINE IT WHEN WE HAVE GONE AWAY AND LEFT IT THERE.

The Hat Check Girl Discusses Beauty

"THAT there's Amy Lissome," said Jessie, the Hat Check Girl, indicating with a shrug a diminutive blonde. "Th' darlin' uv th' silent screen—an' ain't it lucky fer her it can't talk?"

"I wouldn't 'a' believed she wuz that young," commented Joe, the Cloak Room Boss.

"She ain't," the Hat Check Girl sneered. "That dame remembers when Gregory changed th' calendar, an' made her eleven days older. Young? Why she had thirty years lifted offen her cheeks onny last week.

"Let me tell you sumpin'," Jessie continued. "A man may be as old as he feels, but a woman's as young as her last beauty treatment."

"It must be pretty tough, at that, fer some uv them dames to find theirselves growin' old," the Cloak Room Boss reflected. "Must be pretty hard lines."

"They're onny hard lines when you can't afford a good facial surgeon," the Hat Check Girl informed him. "Times is changed, fella, an' don't forget it. Little girls don't make pies out uv mud enny more; they make face packs.

"Why, they's so many diff'rent kinds of face food on th' market, a real good-lookin' woman's got to put her beauty on a diet. An' to think that us girls used to complain because men shaved their necks. Ain't it a laugh?"

"It ain't nothin' uv th' kind," Joe objected. "I can't find a good barber no more fer love nor money. Jest as soon as I do, he's off an' joined up with a beauty parlor."

"Mebbe men'll take to wearin' ringlets again," said the Hat Check Girl. "Won't you look sweet with a fringe of curls around your collar?"

"Be amiable, cutie," the Cloak Room Boss advised. "I wouldn't look no worse than you with a close trim. Why don't you give them facial surgeons a play, yourself, if they're so good?"

The Hat Check Girl tossed her head contemptuously.

"Beauty's too common," she replied. "I'll stay th' way I am. Men like 'em diff'rent."

James K. McGuinness.

ONLY a few can have their faces on coins. The others are content to get their hands on them.

First to Last: The Truth

"In the imperial glamour of King Solomon's court, Silver occupied the same exalted rank that it holds to-day."

—From a silversmith's advertisement in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

TURNING to the ninth chapter, twentieth verse of II Chronicles, the Skeptics' Society finds:

"And all the drinking vessels of King Solomon were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver; it was not any thing accounted of in the days of Solomon."

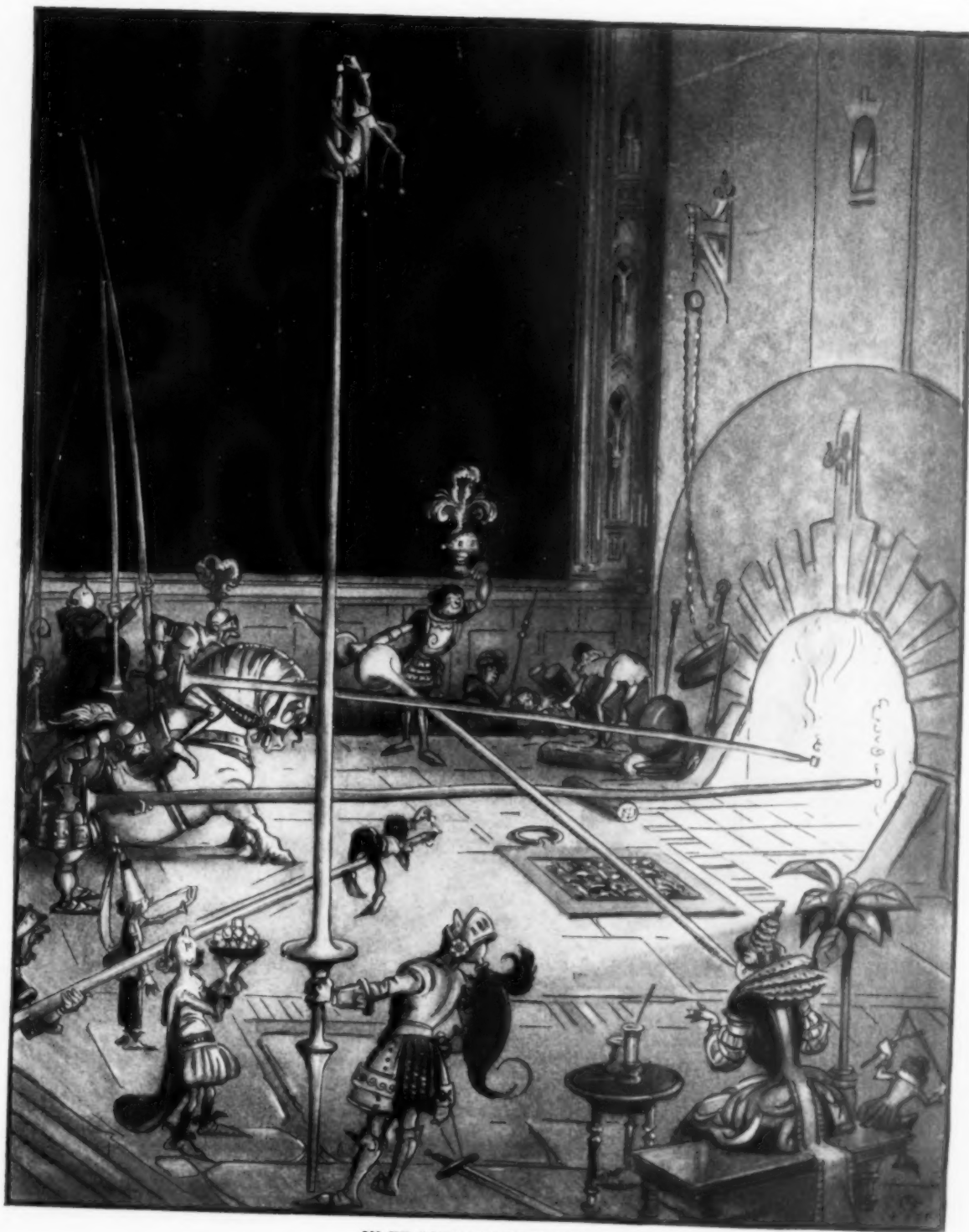
Is the Bible open to still another question of historical inaccuracy?

WIFE: I never thought he was bright enough to work in a bank.

HUSBAND: He isn't, but he's a crack shot.



CONSCIENTIOUS UMPIRE SENDING HIMSELF TO THE CLUBHOUSE FOR MAKING A BAD DECISION.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
TOASTYNGE YE MARSHMALLOWE.



THE ATHEIST

At Last!

CABINETS which "answer questions," we learn from a reliable source, are being installed in shops and hotels. Customers will have to do no more than press a button, and the desired information will be given by the telephone operator in charge of the apparatus.

We have a list all ready for the minute one is open for business:

"Why doesn't the store ever carry my size in anything?"

"Why do clerks always try to tell me that what I absolutely don't want is being worn by everybody this season? That's no inducement."

"Why must I repeat my name and address twenty-two (average computation) times?"

"Why can't my credit be extended indefinitely?"

"Why can I never get a room for less than ten dollars a day?"

"Why must room keys resemble that of the city presented to a distinguished visitor, or that of the Bastille?"

"Why are there four pieces of sample soap in the bathroom instead of one piece of he-sized soap?"

"Why aren't the chambermaids better-looking?"

"Why won't that blond telephone operator go to dinner with me?"

Henry William Hanemann.

INTUITION is merely the feminine of suspicion.

Ballade at Thirty-five

THIS, no song of an ingenue,
This, no ballad of innocence;
This, the rhyme of a lady who
Followed ever her natural bents.
This, a solo of sapience,
This, a chanter of sophistry,
This, the sum of experiments,—
I loved them until they loved me.

Decked in garments of sable hue,
Daubed with ashes of myriad Lents,
Wearing shower bouquets of rue,
Walk I ever in penitence.
Oft I roam, as my heart repents,
Through God's acre of memory,
Marking gravestones, in reverence,
"I loved them until they loved me."

Pictures pass me in long review,—
Marching columns of dead events.
I was tender, and, often, true;
Ever a prey to coincidence.
Always knew I the consequence;
Always saw what the end would be.
We're what Nature has made us—hence
I loved them until they loved me.

L'Envoi:

Princes, never I'd give offense,
Won't you think of me tenderly?
Here's my strength and my weakness, gents,—
I loved them until they loved me.

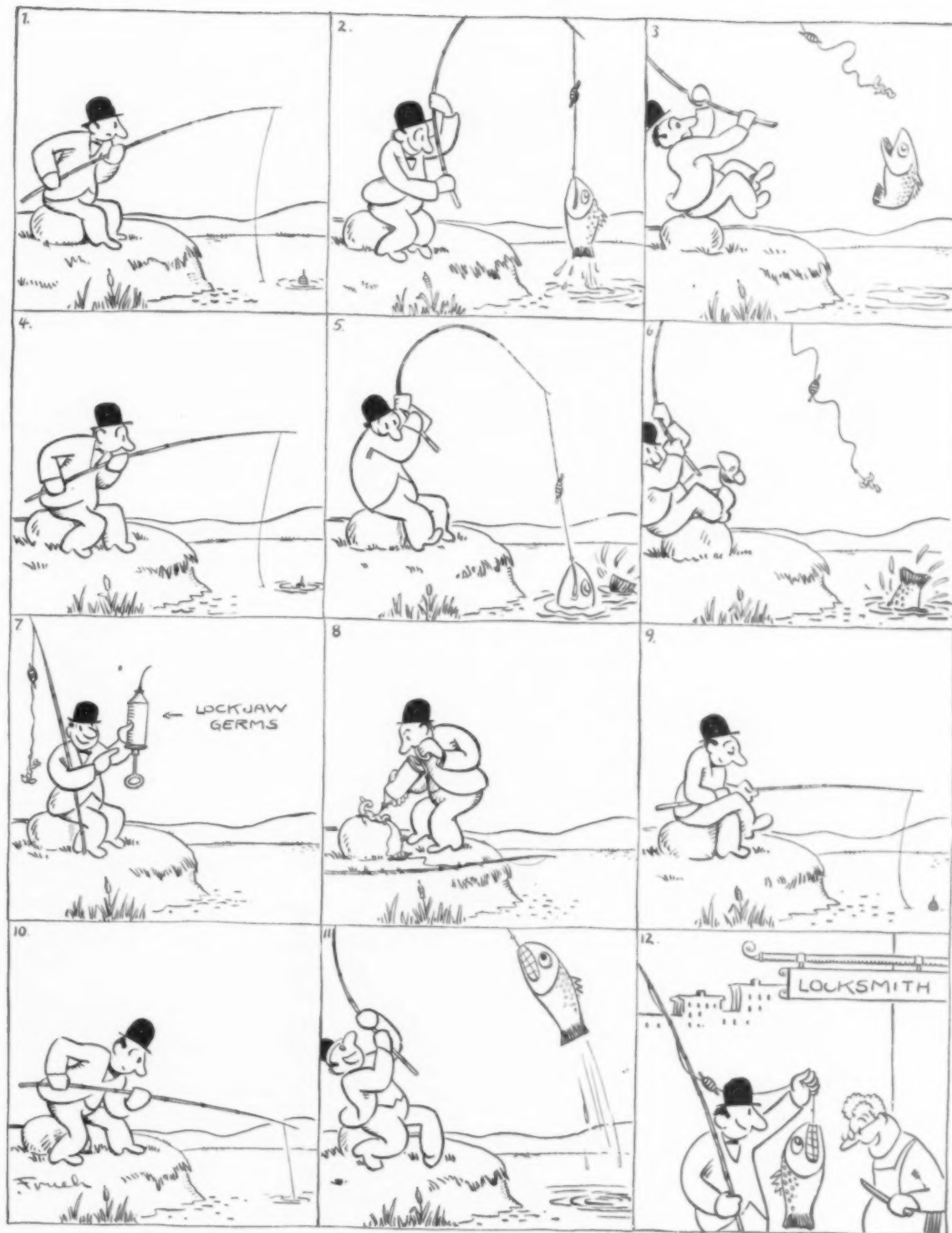
Dorothy Parker.

"IS this a progressive town, Uncle?"

"Too dad-burned progressive. I kain't get me a decent game of checkers since the boys down to the fire house have took to playing that pesky Mah Jong!"



Admiring Sea-Captain: BLOW ME! BUT THAT LAD'S GOT THE MAKIN'S OF A FINE FIRST MATE.



TO HAVE AND TO HOLD



JUNE 26, 1924

VOL. 83. 2173

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

598 Madison Avenue, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Brems Bldgs., London, E. C.



LIFE goes to press this week just as the Republican Convention is beginning at Cleveland. The preliminary reports and remarks about it make one wonder a little why it was necessary for the Republicans to have a convention this year and bring so many people to it from so far away at so much expense and trouble, when Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Butler of Massachusetts and Dr. Butler of New York and a few other gentlemen could have done everything that was necessary, made a platform, put out a ticket and set the Republican machinery a-going, such as it is. Since Mr. Coolidge is going to be the candidate, the job apparently is to have a running-mate to match him on a platform that suits him, and as much as that might surely have been accomplished by a committee.

But even this year it is interesting to the Republicans to get together. They will get something out of association, and perhaps after the convention it will be clearer what political Republicans have survived. We shall know in what degree Mr. Lodge survives. We shall see if the proposed resolution denouncing Harry Daugherty can be carried. Dr. Butler's presence in Cleveland, ministering to education for several days together, will not go for nothing. There is a rumor of a new man in the political world—Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton, President of the University of Michigan, who will nominate Mr. Coolidge and possibly will impress the convention as a likely candidate for Vice-President. For, after all, the convention will nominate a Vice-President, and that's an important job, and if Dr. Marion Burton is a suitable man to have it wished on him,

it is important that we should know about it, and so far as the convention advertises him it may be useful.

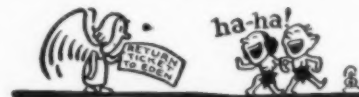
There never was a convention that offered a lot of gentlemen concerned in public affairs a better chance to think and turn things over in their minds and try to arrive at some conclusion as to where American politics is at. So much of the convention's work is prearranged and predigested, there is so little to do and the usual convention struggles are so nearly eliminated, that there seems very little to interfere with a truly thoughtful time. It may also be melancholy, but that can't be helped. The three-years' record of the party includes a most unusual aggregation of horrors, not counting insubordination. Perhaps the convention will forestall the Democrats by denouncing them all. Of course the achievement of the three years now coming up for judgment has not all been bad, and of course a great deal of its bad legislation has been assisted and made possible by Democrats. But its corruption is its own.



MR. COOLIDGE'S great claim on the country is a claim of economy. He has tried to save money. He has tried hard. He has even in his last considerable action vetoed the bill increasing the pay of the postal employees, which was popular, but he said there was no money to pay the increase and that the postmen were already getting better pay than the average of government employees or the average of men in like employments not in the public service. Mr. Coolidge's heart has bled for the taxpayer. He has not offered to amend the tariff, but he has tried hard not to spend money. The taxpayer is

grateful to him. He is a pretty sound, conservative candidate. The correspondent who says he is the best business men's candidate that has been offered for many years gets it about right. But whether the business men can elect a candidate this year seems extraordinarily doubtful. La Follette has undertaken to demonstrate that they can't and his effort will be serious and interesting. One thing the convention will do will be to disclose what La Follette wants, and what chance there is to get it by voting the Republican ticket. The chance does not look very good at this distance.

Not all the work of the Cleveland convention will appear in its platform and its nominations. A large part of it will consist of what delegates say privately to one another. Part of that will come out through correspondents. The rest of it will come out in November and subsequently. The reason why a party that had seven millions majority in 1920 stands shivering at the gate of the new election will be discussed in Cleveland, and pretty steadily, with Democratic assistance, between the Fourth of July and Election Day.



POSITIVE and somewhat voluminous assurances are given in the preliminary convention reports that the sceptre has departed from Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. They tell us that he is no longer a Republican boss. When he voted to pass the bonus over Mr. Coolidge's veto, his last henchman in Massachusetts appears to have surrendered. To say that his voice will not be heard in the convention is somewhat rash, but there has been no preliminary provision for making him audible.

Mr. Lodge was seventy-four years old last month. The last five years of his political life have been the most fruitful in misconduct. Possibly it amuses him to have been able to have his way so long. One could bear to have him repine but the prospect of his repining is not very bright, nor yet that in this life he will be troubled to any considerable extent by remorse. For Mr. Lodge is a hard character and quite liable to believe that Henry Cabot Lodge has always done right and done

it as hard as he could. But if the political jig is up with him there will be very few mourners.

The papers have not disclosed up to this time of writing whether Colonel George Harvey is assisting the deliberations at Cleveland. His case is another in which it is not safe to count on repining or remorse. But he is younger than Mr. Lodge—fourteen years younger, and at sixty it is not safe to count him out of politics. He has made a President for the Democrats and helped notably to make one for the Republicans, and though neither Democrats nor Republicans seem likely to avail themselves of his further assistance, he may find an opening in a third party, with La Follette maybe.

THE papers report that Signor Nitti, late premier of Italy, has made a private exit from that country and gone to Switzerland, and presently will come here to tell us that the big powers are drifting towards war unless they change their policies.

Signor Nitti is one of the good Europeans, a great Italian Liberal. The Fascisti in Italy would not give him a passport and he can not go back there, apparently, until Mussolini's rule is over. But he is a man worth hearing, and so long as he could not speak in Italy it is better that he should be in countries where discourse is freer.

MR. GEORGE BAKER'S gift of five million dollars to finance the Harvard School of Business removes the urgency for discussion of that somewhat novel enterprise. The School is going strong already and Mr. Baker's endowment provides that it shall continue so to go and doubtless gain in scope and energy,

It scandalizes a good many mossbacks who can't imagine why a university should undertake to teach business, but probably it is all right and belongs to modern times. One hears that the methods of business have come in the last ten years to be written out in books, and out of these records the philosophy of business may be expected to emerge.

That seems proper enough, and in contemplating this new aspiration all critics and observers will do well to recall that the minds that shape Harvard University have given ample evidence of knowing their business. But still one may wonder how far the formulation of all the processes of human activity is going.

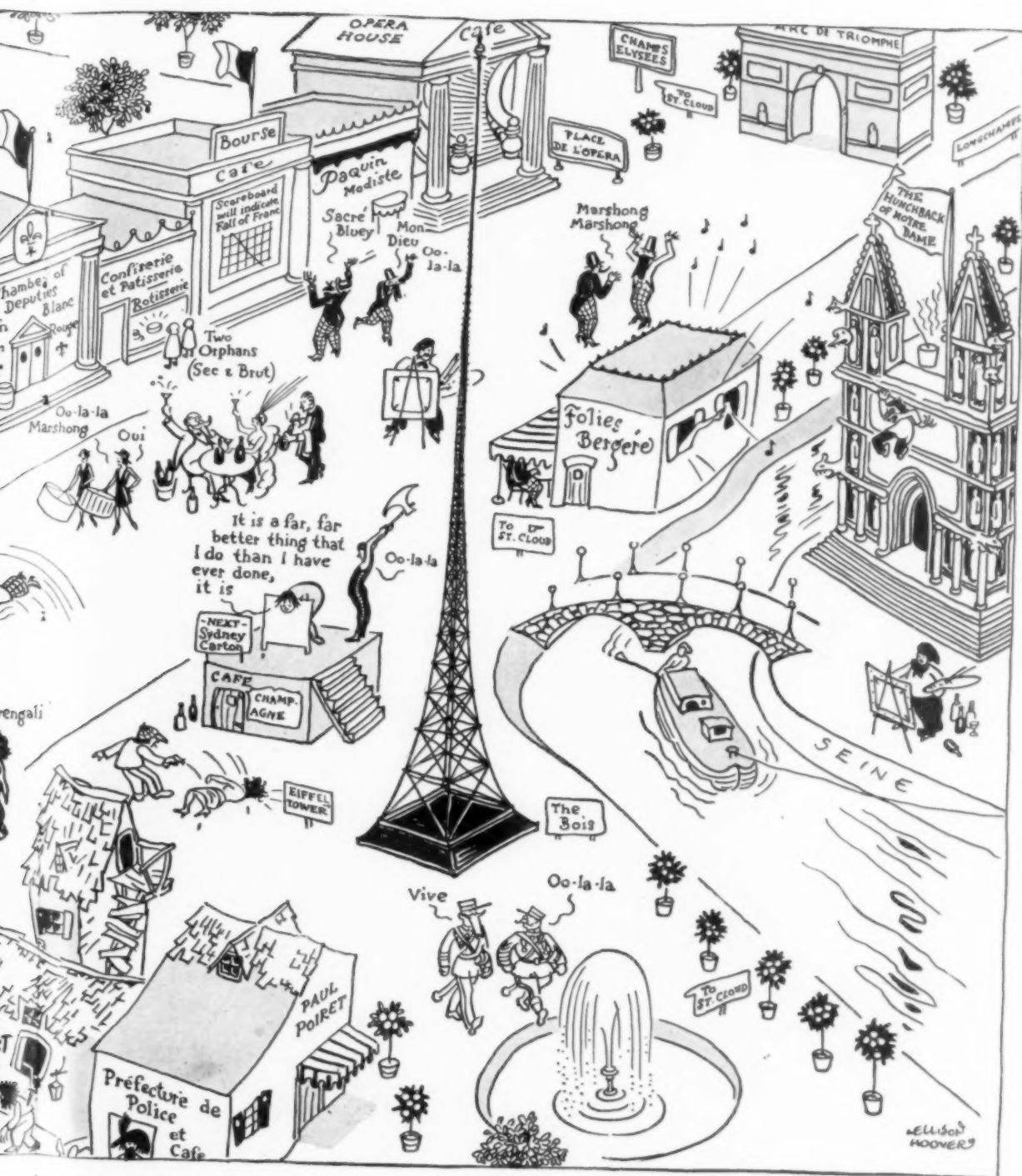
E. S. Martin.



THE SPIRIT OF 1917
"GIVE TILL IT HURTS!"



An Impression of
By one who has never been



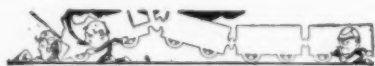
ession of Paris
has never been there.



Old Friend

WE are a little late in covering "The Fatal Wedding," having been away on our own Golden Wedding trip at the time of its opening, but we hope that it is not too late to speak a good word for it. We fear that it may be.

If you were able to see at all in 1901, you will remember seeing the posters for the original production of this highly moral melodrama stuck up in the drug-store window of your home town, and perhaps, if you were a psychologically interesting subject (as we were), you stole a quarter from the family vault and went to see it. It won't do you any harm to see it again, even if you have to steal the twenty-five. It will make you think.



AS a revival, it is handled much more subtly than the revival of "Fashion." No one in the cast seems to realize that it is funny. Milano Tilden, as the incredibly harassed husband, plays with a tragic seriousness which is

as genuine as the black waistcoat he wears with his full-dress suit. The rest of the company are equally concerned with the triumph of virtue or perfidy, according to their characters. Not once is there a sophisticated giggle or a leer to indicate that they know that this is a silly old bundle of hoke.

It is interesting to note the scenes which have become funny with the passing of twenty-odd years. The old comedy between the Irish cook and the French butler registers just nothing. The drama is now the comedy. But, try as you will, you can not laugh at the bit where the pale mother in the tenement bends over the bed of her supposedly dying boy, even though you know that it is one of the oldest gags in the business. There is something about the top of the very small head, visible over the pillow, which bears too much resemblance to the top of some very small head or other in real life to allow for a full play of your sense of the comic. Which only goes to show that every one can be reached by Old Dr. Hokus if he only hunts around in his bag long enough.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

All God's Chillun' Got Wings. *Provincetown*—Somewhat discursive, but worth seeing if only for Paul Robeson's performance of Eugene O'Neill's hero.

Cheaper to Marry. *Belmont*—Different kinds of cohabitation figured out in the order of their preference (Samuel Shipman's preference).

Cobra. *Hudson*—The Man, his Best Friend and his Wife, so well acted that it seems like a new one.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden's excellent revival of a romantic drama that is a romantic drama.

The Miracle. *Century*—Last week of the season's most remarkable spectacle. Don't miss it.

Saint Joan. *Garrick*—The career of the Maid, with annotations by G. B. Shaw, and Winifred Lenihan in the title rôle.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—Showing what happens when a white man goes to live in the tropics.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—They have leased the theatre for another year. Applications for the job of Confidential Guide editor will be considered in the order of their receipt.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—Genuine satire and genuine entertainment, with Roland Young as the hero.

The Bride. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Peggy Wood in a mystery play which offers no reason for her having left musical comedy.

Expressing Willie. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Good comedy, well played.

Fashion. *Greenwich Village*—An 1845 drama kidded with kindness.

The Fatal Wedding. *Ritz*—Reviewed in this issue.

Fata Morgana. *Lyceum*—Should be among the serious plays, as it deals vividly with the tragedy of disillusioned youth. Emily Stevens as the disillusioner.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—As good a presentation of the problem of the Older Generation as we have seen.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland as the lady who gets her husbands mixed in a search for culture.

The Melody Man. *Forty-Ninth St.*—The old line, with several new laughs and Lew Fields.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—Peeking into the home life of the Average Man with mingled emotions, all of them genuine.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—To our mind, the best American play of the year.

So This Is Politics! *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed next week.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltzinger*—A sterling cast making dirt entertaining.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Charlot's Revue. *Selwyn*—English stars in a Grade-A revue.

Flossie. *Lyric*—To be reviewed next week. **Grand Street Follies.** *Neighborhood*—High-class amusement for the ever-increasing Few.

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—The Marx Brothers in a show which threw this department into hysterics.

Innocent Eyes. *Winter Garden*—Nothing much, except Mistinguett.

Keep Kool. *Morosco*—A good, fast-rolling evening.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor and your money's worth.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—Not our favorite.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Julia Sanderson and some songs.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Times Square*—Only fair.

Poppy. *Apollo*—W. C. Fields' worth the price of admission, with moments by Luella Gear.

Sitting Pretty. *Imperial*—Very pretty indeed.

Vogues. *Shubert*—Jimmy Savo and Fred Allen; enough for any show.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—To be reviewed later.

The Diary of a Motor Picnic

SUNDAY—A great day to-day; went on one of the best picnics we ever had.

When we reached the Lake, everybody wanted to go swimming, so I cut down a bunch of young fir trees that were near, and made lean-to dressing rooms with them against two silver birch trunks that I also cut down and swung between some other trees.

After that we all went fishing. Lots of people I know like to use a hook and line, or a fly, but I think it's easier and lots more fun to use a big net, especially in pools where you know trout are. You can catch more that way, too. We must have got a couple of dozen by lunch time, all sizes, some very cute little fellows. Of course, we had our lunch with us, so we didn't need them to eat and left them on the bank for the wild animals.

We had a really good lunch, using a "No Trespassing" sign for a table. These picnics are great ideas—you can just leave the old boxes and papers and food scraps right where they are. When we were through, we all had a game



"It's all right, MA'AM. YOUR HUSBAND DON'T NEVER NEED TO KNOW."

of "hares and hounds." The "hares" blazed their trail with cuts in tree trunks or red paint marks on the rocks.

After that we went through a neighboring apple orchard, and vineyard; I guess we won't have to buy any apples or grapes for a month anyway. Of course, Mother and the girls wanted to take home some flowers, and they were lucky enough to find a patch of wild roses. I told them to uproot the whole patch, as there was no telling when we should be along that way again.

It was a fine picnic and we all enjoyed ourselves. The only trouble, as I see it, is that so many other people do the same thing that they spoil the country for every one else.

A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.

Habit

STRANGER: Can you tell me how far Main Street is from here, Senator?

SENATOR WIND: I can, my friend. And, speaking as one who has served his constituency faithfully—and I say so without fear of being gain-said; speaking, also, from the standpoint of one who has consistently represented the common people—and I challenge my enemies to prove to the contrary; speaking as one of the people myself, I am pleased to inform you that Main Street is four blocks west. I thank you!

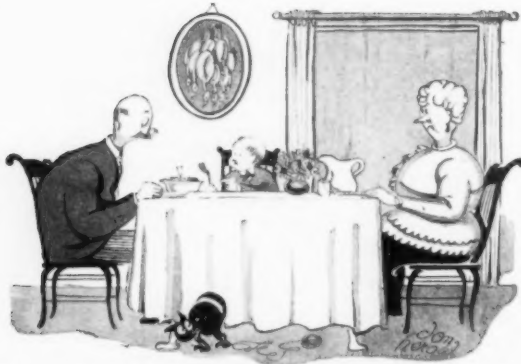
PEGGY: How does your husband like your new hat?

POLLY: Very well, I think. He hasn't noticed it.



APPLAUSE ENDURANCE CONTEST

BEGINNING JUNE 24, 1924, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.



"SAY, POP, YOU RETURNED THANKS FOR THAT HASH YESTERDAY, WHEN IT WAS ROAST BEEF AND POTATOES."

Old Stuff

"DIDN'T your paper say I was a liar?"

"It did not."

"Didn't it say I was a scoundrel?"

"It didn't."

"I'm positive some paper said it."

"Perhaps it was our competitor in this town," hinted the editor. "Our paper doesn't print stale news."

Rejection Slip

(For Use in Presidential Conventions)

IT is with regret that the Convention is obliged to reject the proposed candidate. In doing so the Convention desires to thank the nominee for submitting his name, and to express its hope that other candidacies may hereafter be forthcoming from the same favorite son.

The Convention feels sure that the candidate will understand, where so many names are constantly being proposed, and where the space on the Party Ticket is so limited, that only those candidates can be nominated who are peculiarly suited to the Party's needs.

C. B. G.

Literary Ambitions

THE Baseball Reporter's—to write up a game without using the same slang synonym twice.

The Advertisement Writer's—to create an advertisement without referring in any way to the article to be sold.

The Political Correspondent's—to be able always to refer to having forecast any event.

RASTUS: Ain't yuh 'shamed fer yo' wife to take in washin'?

RUFUS: No, 'deedy, not so long as she does expert work.



"I FEEL SORRY FOR JACK SAPP. HIS WIFE HAS MADE A FOOL OF HIM."

"NO, SHE JUST FINISHED THE JOB."



THE general tone of "The Social Ladder," by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer (Holt), suggests that its author, wearied by the names and doings which the journals of our day feature under the heading, "Society," at last took her pen in hand to write as one having authority and not as the scribes. For Mrs. Van Rensselaer dates her own ancestry from the earliest days of Nieuw Amsterdam and thoroughly laments a fact which she admits, the fact that the social standard has descended from one of family and breeding to one of money and self-advertisement. While conceding that the old order perished with the reign of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, she is not willing to give place to the new without a word of protest and a synopsis of the preceding scenes. Thus, in collaboration with Mr. Frederic Van de Water, she has achieved a fascinating book, thickly raisined with anecdote and vibrant with personalities. Inasmuch as names are mentioned, the reader will have no difficulty in differentiating the scratch and the handicap families of our own day. He will also learn, among many other interesting things, that Jack Spratt of nursery rhyme fame was a real person and an ancestor of the author.

THE WISDOM OF LAZINESS," by Fred C. Kelly (Doubleday, Page), is music to the ears of all those who never do to-day what can be put off until the day after to-morrow. But the entire book is not devoted to the advantages of sloth—there are chapters on some fifty-odd subjects, and Mr. Kelly's qualifications for running such a gamut are admirably set forth by

Booth Tarkington in the introduction. He goes about the world, it seems, with a "gravely impassioned curiosity," and is particularly keen on watching the wheels go round in people.

vice versa. The principal subjects and situations which the traveler from one country encounters in the other are neatly balanced as to language and point of view. The following sad sample will give you an idea of the style and substance:

"It is easier to get a drink than a bath in England. Thirstiness comes next to Godliness.

"In America, baths abound. Faucets, faucets everywhere, but not one drop to drink. (Officially.)"

OTIS SKINNER'S "Footlights and Spotlights" (Bobbs-Merrill) deserves more notice than can be accorded it in these confines. It is the reminiscence of the writer's fifty years on the American stage recounted charmingly and with an astonishing submergence of ego. It is at the same time a fair history of our stage itself, rich in reference to the leading theatrical figures with whom the author was associated in his steady advance to his own stardom. Autobiography against such a background in such a manner is unfailingly interesting.

THE only novel I've read in some time is a silly one, but just to show that there are no hard feelings toward fiction in this issue, mention is herewith made of "The Lunatic Still at Large," by J. Storer Clouston (Dutton). It is all about a gentleman who escapes from his

asylum and manages to do himself very well in his endeavors to elude his keepers. It adds, moreover, to my conviction that there is something to be said for lunacy. I have always felt that people had the wrong idea about Ludwig of Bavaria. Diana Warwick.



Lithographed by P. L. Crosby.

STILL stands the old barouche in wait,
Upon the silent, graveled path,
Survivor of that ancient state
When driving was not swift as wrath.

The coachman old, the horse as well,
Not long can either one endure,
Since travel has this tale to tell—
But death and taxis now are sure.
J. K. M.

A NUMBER of our citizens are paying their first visit to England this summer and a suitable steamer present for them would be "Spoken in Jest," by "Chateds" (Dutton), a small book devoted to de-confusing Americans about English speech and customs, and



Skippy: LISTEN, SOOKY! MR. POWERS IS GOIN' TO SELL HIS BOAT FOR A DOLLAR ONLY. I GOT FIFTY CENTS. NOW IF YOU CAN DIG UP FIFTY CENTS WE CAN BE PARTNERS.

Sooky: SURE! I GOT FIFTY CENTS ON ME.

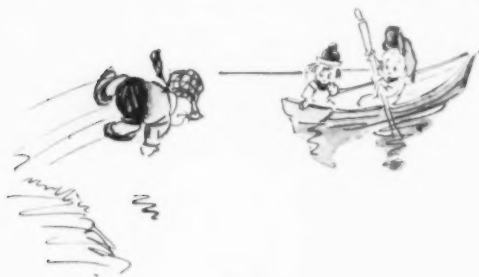


Skippy: NOW WE'RE PARTNERS. YOU TAKE THE BOAT OUT MONDAY, 'N' I'LL TAKE IT OUT TUESDAY, 'N' YOU TAKE IT OUT WEDNESDAY, 'N' I'LL TAKE IT OUT THURSDAY, 'N' SO ON LIKE THAT!

Sooky: YOU BETCHA! WHAT'S MINE IS YOURN 'N' WHAT'S YOURN IS MINE.



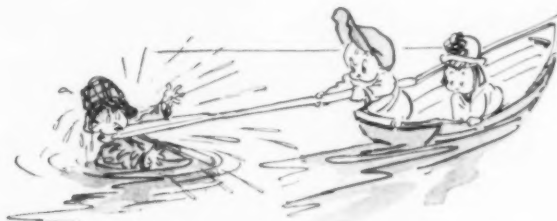
Skippy: HEY! YESTERDAY WAS MONDAY. *Sooky:* I THOUGHT YESTERDAY WAS TUESDAY. "YEH, BUT YA WAS OUT IN IT YESTERDAY, TOO!" "AH, I CAN'T BE THINKIN' O' DATES LIKE THAT!" "I WANT THE BOAT RIGHT NOW, 'N' BESIDES, I DON'T WANT NO CANARIES TOOK OUT IN IT." "DON'T BE CALLIN' THIS LITTLE CROW A CANARY."



Skippy: YOU BRING BACK THAT BOAT, D'YA HEAR?

Sooky: I PAID FIFTY CENTS FOR THAT BOAT 'N' IT'S MINE!

"I'LL SHOW YA WHOSE BOAT THAT IS."



Sooky: DON'T BE BUSTIN' UP AN EXCURSION! REMEMBER WE GOT A LUNCH TO THINK OF.

Skippy: I'M GOIN' TO GET THAT BOAT TO-MORROW. "I CAN'T LET YA HAVE THIS BOAT TO-MORROW 'CAUSE WE'RE MOVIN'."

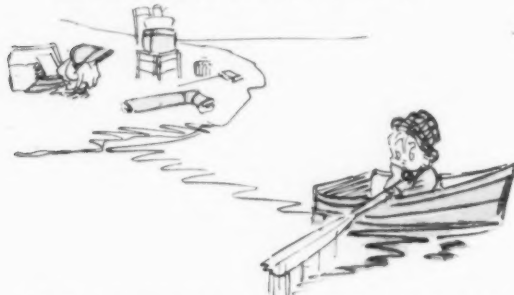


Skippy: HERE I AM TIED UP AS A PARTNER FOR LIFE, MAYBE FOREVER. HE WON'T SELL OUT NOR NOTHIN'. OH, WHY DID I EVER GET TOOK IN BY SUCH RIFF-RAFF? BELIEVE ME! I'LL GET THAT BOAT TO-MORROW!



Sooky: I ASK YOU, SKIPPY, IN A NICE WAY I ASK IT. DO YOU CALL THIS A SQUARE DEAL?

"YES, I DO. I GIVE YOU THE BIGGEST HALF."



Sooky: IF ANYBODY'D TOLE ME I WOULDN'T 'A' B'LEEVED IT! I WOULDN'T 'A' B'LEEVED IT! BUT WITH ME VERY OWN EYES I SEE IT! MY PARTNER! IT'S BUSTING ME HEART!

Skippy: AFTER ALL, HE IS MY PARTNER.



Skippy: AS I WAS SAYIN' BEFORE, YOU TAKE IT OUT MONDAY, 'N' I'LL TAKE IT OUT TUESDAY, 'N' YOU TAKE IT OUT WEDNESDAY, 'N' I'LL TAKE IT OUT THURSDAY, 'N' SO ON LIKE THAT.

Sooky: YOU BETCHA! WHAT'S MINE IS YOURN 'N' WHAT'S YOURN IS MINE, ONLY I WOULDN'T GO SAWIN' OFF ANY MORE, SKIPPY.

Skippy

Let Keats Do It

I LOVE nocturnal poets who wander through
Dim-lighted groves where chants the nightingale,
Who lie in fragrant meadows, drenched with dew,
And sleep...how can they?...till the East is pale.
"How sweetly shines the moonlight on yon bank,"
They say, recalling Shakespeare's pleasant song.
(An apt quotation gives a certain swank
To verses, even though the quote be wrong.)

I joy to read how Strephon, in the vale,
Sat up all night with Dian, alias Moon,
And talked, as man to Goddess; at the tale
My pulses stir as to a long-lost tune.
Each insect murmur gives my heart a tug
Until I seem to be a whippoorwill,
A cricket, or perhaps a lightning-bug,
Or other pest more microscopic still.

But oh! I tried it once, that night-shift stuff;
The grass was lush, the dew extremely wet.
The moon, though not quite full, was full enough;
In short, the stage seemed adequately set,
And then some creature bit me on the knee...
The scar is there although I may not show it.
Since when I know, whatever else I be,
I can not be a first-class lyric poet.

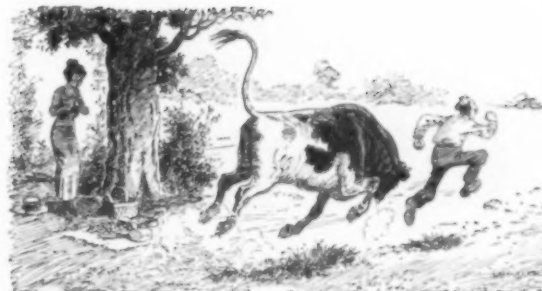
George S. Chappell.

THE life-long trips on the sea of matrimony are rapidly
being replaced by excursions.



"MANDY, YOU DIDN'T CALL FOR OUR WASH FOR TWO WEEKS, YET YOU SENT ME A BILL FOR IT
JUST THE SAME."

"YAS'M. AH DONE TUK A TWO-WEEKS' VACATION WIF PAY."



"THAT'S RIGHT, JOHN, LEAD HIM AWAY FROM THE LUNCH."

Heard at the Hoarse Show

"KEEP it up, boys!" roars the leader of the Alonzo
Swibbs bloc through his megaphone. "Cheer your
heads off just nineteen minutes more!"

And so the loyal sons acclaiming Swibbs for President
bellow valiantly on.

At last they subside exhausted, after forty-five minutes of
conscientious din.

"I have the honor to propose the name of Thurlow
Blumpton." Hooray! Three thousand cheers! The
Blumpton patriots are in full cry. They know their duty and
they do it with tin horns and cow-bells. Fifty-seven min-
utes for Blumpton. What an inspiring tribute!

But the ovation for Waburton T. Heffer is even louder,
and longer by twenty-two minutes and a half. It strikes
an electric thrill through the entire multitude. Here is a
statesman destined to achieve great things for America, and
yet withal a man of the people.

Topping all, however, is
the cataclysm in behalf of
Thaddeus A. Pish. For
two hours and nine minutes
the uproar resounds—
whistles, rattles, harmon-
icas, pop-guns. A huge
phalanx of tin-horn sports
toot as one man. Looks
like a stampede.

Wonder who'll get the
nomination. Not that I
am deeply interested. That
little matter will be decid-
ed very quietly by a few
persons in a room around
the corner.

What I'd really like to
know is, who got the
cough-drop concession for
this hall?

Lawton Mackall.

FIRST GUEST (at
mountain resort): Any
fish in this lake?

SECOND GUEST: You
can search me. I'm a de-
tective, and I'm on my va-
cation.

Now Is the Time for All Good Men, Thinks Sounder, to Form a Party

WASHINGTON, June 23.—According to newspaper headlines, travelers returning to the East from any point beyond Buffalo, N. Y., are finding "Strong Third Party Sentiment in Middle West" and "West Favors Third Party Idea."

Now I admit that travelers, whether it's because they are too much occupied in wondering what they have done with their trunk checks, or because a night in a sleeper produces a fuzziness in the mind, are notoriously inaccurate in their impressions.

On the face of it,

therefore, the tourists' reports make things look pretty dark for Mr. La Follette's aspirations to the leadership of a third party. However, this has been a year of surprises, and I shall not be astounded if for once these itinerant predictions prove true.

For one thing

a third party at this time would be highly expedient, in that it would serve to allay the discontent of the people. Certain of the keener, more wide-awake statesmen in Washington—to name myself for one—have become aware that the nation is showing signs of dissatisfaction with our politics and politicians.

There are of course several ways of restoring public confidence. The standard of statesmanship in Congress might be raised; bigger, broader men might be induced to enter the field of politics; some effort might be made toward restoring a measure of sound intelligence and integrity in the conduct of our nation's affairs.



SENATOR LA FOLLETTE SIZING UP POSSIBLE THIRD-PARTY MATERIAL (SENATORS WHEELER, BROOKHART, MAGNUS JOHNSON, FRAZIER, SHIPSTEAD, LADD, DILL)



SENATOR JOHNSON SIZING UP POSSIBLE FOURTH-PARTY MATERIAL.

The trick

might thus be turned, to be sure, but I and many others feel hesitant, with conditions as unsettled as they are, about advocating so radical a step. The axiom which the Fathers of our country in their great wisdom laid down about not swapping horses in mid-stream is as sound now as it was a hundred and fifty years ago.

It seems to me much simpler merely to split the existing two parties into three parties. We shall still be, all of us, practicing, practical politicians, versed in the rules of the game; yet to the people our political structure will seem to have been infused with new blood, new spirit, new ideals.

There is no telling.

of course, if it will stop with only one new party. We are apt to be faddists, in politics as in everything else, and, should Mr. La Follette have any sort

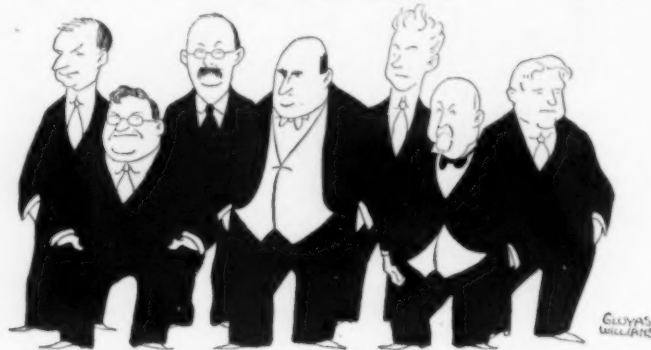
of success in forming a Third Party, my good friend Hiram Johnson will hardly rest content until he has followed suit. Nor would he have very much trouble in doing so, for Mr. Johnson is entirely capable of being a party all by himself.

From the field of personal leadership the new party idea is likely to spread into the field of class vocations. A General Housework-Employers of Domestic Servants Party seems to me to be fully as justified as the Farmer-Labor Party. Our more important industries will naturally form themselves into political parties to protect their interests, and we may confidently expect that in 1928 the Bootlegger's Party, the Health Underwear Party, and the Eat-a-Raisin-a-Day Party will exercise strong influence at the polls.

Members

of a Light Wine and Beer Party, unless they permit internal dissension to break out and the Cocktail and the Sherry Wings to form parties of their own, should be able to bring considerable pressure to bear in support of their platform; although of course the One-Half of One Per Cent. Party will also be able to muster considerable strength.

Indeed, when you consider that, once this thing gets started, every small group that can't get what it wants is going to rush off and form a party about it, and that its opponents will simultaneously form an "anti" party, we seem truly to be standing on a new threshold in American political history. In self-defense I may have to get up a party of my own. Sounder.



GILLYAS, ILLUSTRATIONS

The Guest Book

HOSTS have a way of delaying the parting guest by demanding that he write in a guest book, especially in the summer. Nobody can get away from a Camp Idylwyld or a Morndew Cottage without being dragged to the library table and forced to inscribe in that book of doom name, address, length of stay and—worst of all!—something under the head of "Remarks."

The "remark" is where I get into difficulty. I haven't a thought. Time is pressing; only ten minutes in which to make the train, and my host just thought of the guest book! I bite the end of the pen and scan the remarks of previous guests, who are discovered to have written all the remarks I was about to make. Somebody tells me to hurry or I'll miss the train. "Just put down anything," I am urged. But pride will not permit that.

Finally I am dragged away, only able to put ditto marks under the entry of the previous guest, who had remarked, "What a wonderful visit!" *Fairfax Doteney.*

Places of Worship

"WHAT are all these beautifully adorned buildings, to which your people flock every Sunday, where the dim lights illumine the ornamented walls and ceiling, where the sound of sweet organ music is heard, where people sit quiet and contented after the labors of the week?" asked the Distinguished Visitor.

"Oh, those," I answered; "those are the movies."



"MAMA WANTS TO KNOW CAN US BORRO' SOME WATER—THEY TURNED OFFEN OURS."

"OH, SURE! WHAT'LL YA HAVE—HOT OR COLD?"

"OH, I DON'T KNOW THAT!"

"WELL! TELL YA WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL GIVE YA SOME HOT 'N' IF THAT AIN'T RIGHT COME BACK 'N' I'LL GIVE YA SOME ICE!"



"I SAID—PARSON'S SERMON—SURE DID—KNOCK HELL—OUTA TH'—HOME BREW BUNCH!"

THE SILENT DRAMA



Attention!

ALTHOUGH this department is concerned with completed pictures, and not with proposed ones, there are occasional cases which loudly demand advance interest.

For instance, there is "Peter Pan." It is to be made into a movie by Famous Players, and as this issue of LIFE skips to press, there is much talk of a possible candidate for the title rôle. Almost every well-known girlish star has been mentioned in this connection—from Mary Pickford to Gloria Swanson. The former has definitely refused the part.

I have already nominated my selection for *Peter Pan*, and I understand that Messrs. Zukor and Lasky are now seriously considering his name. He is Jackie Coogan, the perfect embodiment of *Peter* as Barrie described him (in "The Little White Bird") and as represented in the Kensington Gardens statue. Of course, the part has always been played on the stage by a mature woman; but the broad screen is not so trammelled.

I earnestly urge all those who happen to read these remarks to write at once to their Congressmen and demand that the engagement of Jackie Coogan for *Peter Pan* be made compulsory.

"The Sea Hawk"

A GREAT array of talent has been recruited for the production of "The Sea Hawk," but, with two exceptions, the various contributors fail to justify their reputations. The exceptions are (a) Wallace Beery, who is the only one of all the players to realize the true slap-dash, swashbuckling nature of Sabatini's novel; and (b) Fred Gabouri, who is mentioned on the program as the official designer of ships. These ships, stately Spanish galleons and graceful caravels, are beautiful, and are sufficient in themselves to make "The Sea Hawk" worthy of view.

As for the rest of the picture, it is slow-moving, stodgy and generally uninspired. Frank Lloyd, the director, has failed to retain the carefree pace

which is essential to all these romantic stories of ye goode olde dayes. Furthermore, he has displayed lamentably bad judgment in his casting: Milton Sills, the hero, does his best in a thoroughly conscientious manner, but he is totally devoid of fire; Enid Bennett, the heroine, is sublimely blaah.

For this reason, "The Sea Hawk" is only occasionally effective. On those occasions, for which Messrs. Beery and Gabouri are responsible, it touches the heights.

"Miami"

THE villain in "Miami" is supposed to be a rich licentiate who goes to Florida for the express purpose of neglecting his wife, the while he preys upon innocent maidens. He is represented as the owner of a yacht, a small speed-boat, several motor cars and an unlimited supply of loose change. In spite of this he persists in wearing, all through the picture, a last year's straw hat which has been liberally rained upon and which is ludicrously warped in the brim.



MILTON SILLS IN "THE SEA HAWK."

It just goes to show that a man can't have everything.

"Miami" itself is an awful picture, spineless, pointless and dull. Miss Betty Compson, the star, merely proves how far a good actress can recede when placed in bad company. She impersonates one of those flaming youth girls who will frankly discuss *anything* and won't discuss anything else. The same character has been seen before, and to better advantage.

In one episode, Miss Compson is called upon to display her daring by climbing to a springboard in a costly evening dress, disrobing before the startled eyes of her fellow revelers, and diving in a near-nude condition into a tank. All of this bold scene that the censors have left is a few bubbles on the troubled surface of the pool.

So far as I am concerned, the censors can stop at nothing in "Miami."

My Movie

WHEN I announced, some time ago, that I intended to produce a moving picture by process of elimination, I asked for suggestions from all sources. The response has been gratifying, and I now have a long list of elements that will not be included in the finished film.

Next week, I plan to publish some of this correspondence, in the hope that it will invite more.

In the meantime, I have one added attraction for the big production:

A young, flighty but inherently virtuous wife and mother will quarrel with her unselfish husband over some trivial matter and will leave home in a high dudgeon (four-wheel brake model) to fill a date with an immoral clubman. In the midst of the subsequent orgy, she will *not* receive a hurry call from home informing her that her kiddie is desperately ill and that the doctor has said (in a subtitle), "All that can save this tiny life from the brink of Eternity is a Mother's Love." On the contrary, she will stay out till all hours and will have a perfectly swell time.

Robert E. Sherwood.



LAUNDRY

"USE Spiffledix," on great, glaring billboards, blazoned the city.

"Only a Fool Fails to Use Spiffledix," shrieked the dancing electric signs everywhere.

"Spiffledix—the World's Finest,"

Ask the Man Who Owns One

gleamed from every side. One could go nowhere—city or country—without encountering it. Its circulars clogged the mails.

Of course, nobody had the vaguest notion what Spiffledix actually was.

Nevertheless, every one immediately proceeded to buy Spiffledix.

THE season has begun when the old office-boy snubs the young college graduate.



Far East Fable

The lion came to the entrance of his cave Period Quotation Marks Capital Gee Are, Gee Are Capital Gee Are Are Are Surprise Mark, Quotation Marks said the lion and went back into his cave Period.—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

Relentless Fate

A wedding was delayed recently because the bridegroom fainted. We understand, however, that the poor fellow was mercilessly revived.

—*Humorist (London)*.

"Do you know Theresa Green?"

"No."

"Well, they are."

—*Mass. Tech. 'Voo Doo*.

"I NEVER SAW SUCH DREAMY EYES."

"You never stayed so late."

—*Williams Purple Cow*.



WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

"ISN'T IT DISGUSTING THE WAY THEY PERMIT THINGS LIKE THIS IN THE THEATRE?"

"YES...BUT IT ATTRACTS THE PUBLIC."

"DOESN'T IT, INDEED! I HAD ALL SORTS OF TROUBLE GETTING THIS BOX FOR TO-NIGHT."

—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris)*.

An Order Easy to Fill

The matron of an orphanage received this letter from a man in Kansas who wanted to adopt a child:

"Send one that is lively and will laugh and cry and get into mischief...I have raised five children, but they are all gone now, and I can tell you there is nothing so sweet as the bother of children."

—*Boston Transcript*.

Precautionary

Owing to the deadly quality of much of the hodiernal ales, wines and liquors, a young woman confides that she always takes two escorts with her these evenings, owing to the possibility of one temporarily expiring. "I always carry a spare," she says.

—*F. P. A., in New York World*.

It Caught His Eye

"Nigger, did yuh come by dat derby honestly?"

"Uncle, I done come to it honestly, but dass all."—*Virginia Reel*.

"SWEET sixteen—"

"Now it's bored sixteen."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



VAN GLOW—A polite, smart, little collar that puts you at ease with its cool correctness. A well-bred collar that never says, "Is it hot enough for you?" but, "How well you are looking today!"

Made of just one single piece of smooth, strong, multi-ply fabric. Nothing sewed together—no need for starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in. It cannot wilt. For all occasions it is the World's Smartest, most comfortable, and most economical collar. 12 STYLES—50 CENTS

VAN HEUSEN
the World's Smartest COLLAR

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK . . .



"Cheerfulness and Content are Great Beautifiers and are Famous Preservers of Youthful Looks."

Dickens.

Life

though not a beauty specialist, endorses this. As the apostle of cheerfulness, each week preaching the gospel of happiness, he surely knows the beneficial effects of a good laugh. Cheerfulness leads to contentment, a happier, more youthful outlook, and LIFE's *Laugh on Every Page* ensures the needed "little laugh" that brightens existence—a point worth considering by those who would avoid growing old before their time. Just to see how a few smiles will smooth your face and soften and freshen your heart, try LIFE for a year, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60

(126)

The Louvain Library Fund

LIFE renews the appeal for the Louvain Library Fund, America's own promised gift to the Belgian people. If our older friends will take part in it as zealously as the school children are doing, the million dollars will soon be raised.

Those high schools are doing such good work. Both the party given for the Fund by the Westwood, N. J., High School, and the collection taken for it by the Newton, N. J., High School show gratifying results.

Previously acknowledged.....\$384.33
Westwood, N. J., High School... 20.50
Newton, N. J., High School.... 15.77

\$420.60

Checks, if made payable to us and marked for "Louvain Library Fund," will be duly forwarded, and acknowledgments will appear in LIFE.

The College Girl

If a girl comes out of college with a permanent wave, and a permanent man is all she seems to crave; if she giggles and she titters and she totters on her heels, and squanders all her nickels on her knickers and her meals—

Well, just see!

All her friends are sure to say, "Oh, yes, it always works that way." Insisting with emphasis assured and argumentative, "Just look at Belle, for she is representative. She is typical of college girls to-day; yes, they're all like her, it always works that way."

But if a girl comes forth from college with her hair uncured, and she dares to let her ears be seen before a gasping world; if she canters down Fifth Avenue with wide and manly strides and sports a twosome roadster and a cigarette besides—

You watch!

All her family will say, "Oh, yes, they all act just that way." And nodding with emphasis assured and argumentative, "Our Angeline is very representative! She is typical of college girls to-day. You mustn't mind because she acts that way."

Last, if a girl comes out of college holding strange ideas and cants, it will not surprise her sisters, or her cousins, or her aunts. But if she goes back home again the same old Peggy Brown, *that is just what they expected in the old home town.*

Listen!

All her friends and foes will say, "Oh, yes, it always ends that way." And sighing with emphasis assured and argumentative, "Take Margaret, for she's so representative. She is typical of college girls to-day. Yes, my dear, *they're all like her in every way.*"

O. O.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



3,000,000 motor cars

THE companies which comprise the General Motors family have produced more than 3,000,000 of the passenger automobiles and trucks which are in active use today throughout the world.

Each day more people are carried in motor cars than are carried by all the railroads. How impossible modern life would be without their dependable service!

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan. Insurance service is furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

The old rivalry for importance

between package and contents

A fellow advertiser has made famous the saying, "We couldn't improve the powder, so we improved the box."

The advertising of a very widely known soda cracker has always featured its moisture-proof, protective container.

The same is true of several other products recognized as standard today, and superseding earlier goods less safely or less conveniently packed.

So if, in our advertising of Reedsdale Cigarettes, we are sometimes accused of



featuring cardboard as well as tobacco, we may at least rejoin that we are in excellent company.

To the extent that improvement in a package insures a product reaching consumption in better condition, such improvement is really betterment of the product. For it isn't what the maker makes, but what the consumer gets, that counts.

And if improvement in a container permits greater convenience of use, it adds a satisfaction so closely related to the inherent virtues of the goods that only a fine distinction is to be drawn.



In the Reedsdale Cigarette we have endeavored to give smokers both a better cigarette and a better package.

The difference is that the mechanical advantages of this container are a matter of visual demonstration, while the quality of the cigarette can be proved only by smoking it.

So we suggest that you buy your first package of Reedsdales because they are packed to insure you 100% perfect cigarettes, and then see for yourself if their quality does not warrant the extra protection we give them.



Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 117 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Train

"Nine-till-five, nine-till-five, nine-till-five, nine-till-five,"

Drones the train;

And again:

"Nine-till-five, nine-till-five, nine-till-five, nine-till-five."

Oh, it's not the sort of song to make us glad that we're alive,

As we rumble in the smoker down the slow suburban track,

With our pipes and bags and papers and our suits of grey or black,

Blue or brown,

Into town.

When we've finished with our news-sheets and our usable supply

Of banal conversation has at last (thank God!) run dry,

Then we're left to think of what the day's experience will be,

And it isn't very pleasant facing dull monotony.

No, the world seems pretty hopeless, and I must confess, that I've

Heard a lot more cheerful music than that pulsing "Nine-till-five";

And the train

Drones again:

"Nine-till-five, nine-till-five, nine-till-five, nine-till-five."

"Never-mind, never-mind, never-mind, never-mind."

Drones the train—

Good old train!

"Never-mind, never-mind, never-mind, never-mind!"

Oh, it doesn't take us long to leave the office-work behind,

With the friendly wheels a-clattering that bear us up the line,

Back towards that little home of yours, those garden beds of mine,

(And I'll bet with all that sun to-day those asters must look fine!)

Going home!

Going home!

When we've read the news and talked awhile it's good to puff away

At our old black pipes, while thinking of what's happened through the day.

And it isn't such a bad old job; there must be plenty worse.

And the boss? He's really passable; he only needs a nurse.

For the hours from now till morning let's forget our daily grind;

And there's nothing soothes the nerves like being told to "Never mind"

By the train—

Good old train!

—Colin Wills, in *The Bulletin* (Sydney).

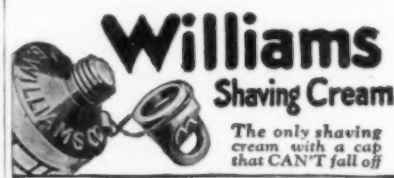
In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Why Travel?

A National Geographic expedition reports that in China were found women who keep no track of their ages. The gentlemen seem to have gone a long way from home for news.—*Detroit News*.



father said everything he invests in always falls off what silly thing have you bought now said mother shaving cream with a loose cap said father and common it was too next time I'll get Williams preferred



Just One Question

A pompous butcher in a mining town was always hornning in on matters of which he knew little. During an important mining trial he even persuaded a green lawyer to call him as a geological expert. Astute counsel on the other side promptly took him in hand.

"So you are here as an expert geologist?"

"I am."

"Well, in your character of expert geologist, I just want to ask you one question. What's the price of pork today?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



"AND GET THE H— OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN—UNDERSTAND ME?"

"BE CAREFUL, SIR! KEEP ON IN THAT TONE AND I SHALL NOT CARE TO REMAIN A MINUTE LONGER UNDER YOUR ROOF."

—*Sans-Gêne* (Paris).



Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 6)

some people to be always in the right, so that they had liefer evade than go on record in error. I have always suspected that Henry Clay may have been a hard man at his own fireside. Moreover, Sam, in view of his downright statements, could not well refuse me an advance on next month's allowance, albeit he derived some satisfaction from calling me a Smooth Piece....At cards all evening at the Bannings', finding there a Mr. Hawksworth, the greatest stickler for the laws and etiquette of bridge that ever I saw in my life, and once when Sam led out of turn, he called a club from me, and I joyous to tell him, and Sam also, that I had no club, so that we ruffed him out of game before he got in.

June
21st

Up betimes, going over my dressing-table, with its great array of bottles, and satisfied that Araby, with all its perfumes, can have little, if aught, upon me. I did pour into one container all those below an inch in depth, the compound proving deliciously fragrant. When I use it and am asked what perfume I am wearing, a question which one woman has no right to ask another, I can answer truthfully that I know not.... Rumor reached me this day that in a month or two it will not be vogue to wear long earrings, the most distressing news I have heard since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Baird Leonard.

The Bad Check

I AM very blue.

I have here a check that is no good! How I came to possess the worthless thing is a sad, sad story.

My little store was very much behind the times in stock. One day a suave, soft-voiced stranger came in, bristling with new ideas and flashy goods. He took me in wholly with his easily flowing word pictures of rapid sales and his brightly glowing promises. He stocked me from roof to basement with goods I never can sell!

But, not satisfied with thus taking advantage of my innocence, he must needs heap indignity upon that.

He returned my check!

J. S. H.

Spend This Summer
at the
Hotel
ASPINWALL
Lenox, Mass.



High and cool in the Berkshires.
Exceptional equipment and service
insure a delightful sojourn.

May we send interesting booklet?
L. A. TWORGER, Mgr.
Winter Resort • Princess Hotel, Bermuda

Regain Your Slender Figure
GET RID OF THIS

With No Effort at All

you can have a stylish, graceful, attractive figure. Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer which can be worn as a regular part of your clothing, either under or without a corset, will take off that unsightly, energy sapping, fatty mass and keep it off.

Made of soft glovelike rubber, well ventilated, cool and comfortable, this Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer fits snugly to the figure and will not slip or bulge at any place. In the center and on the inner side is the wonder working Vacuum Applicator which gently, persistently, surely, massages away the fatty tissue—with every breath you take—with every step you take.

No dieting or change of habits necessary. The reducer does its work alone. Day by day you grow thinner and thinner. Your figure becomes symmetrical and stylish and you feel full of energy and ambition all day long. **Sold under absolute guarantee of satisfaction—your money back if it fails.** Now is the best time to reduce—why delay? Send coupon today.

DR. LAWTON'S
AUTOMATIC WAISTLINE AND
ABDOMEN REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Arrow points to patented Vacuum Applicator. The only device that has this wonderful massaging feature.

Dr. Thomas Lawton,
Dept. E-78,
No. 19 W. 70th
St., New York City.
Send me complete description of Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline Reducer.

Name _____
Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Street _____

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
19 W. 70th STREET, NEW YORK

Town _____ State _____

Please sign your name Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Vacation Remarks

"KENNETH, you've been in that water long enough."

"Oh, no! We never have hay fever up here. This is just a coryza!"

"Would you mind putting a grasshopper on this hook?"

"No, ma'am, this lake ain't never been fathomed."

"Do you suppose those berries were poison?"

"Our guide said I was a born rider—and I never sat on a horse before!"

"How often do the geysers go off?"

"Oh, are you from Kansas? I wonder if you know my cousin out there!"

"Our party was the only one that saw any elk. The guide said it was very unusual."

"There—you moved, and that was my last film!"

"My, them mountains sure do look grand!"

"Did anybody see me pick it?"

"They call it ten miles, but the guide says it's at least twenty-five."

"That's the best dance I've had this evening."

"Yes, I think I've met you somewhere before."

"Well, 'jiggers' or 'chiggers,' I've got 'em!"

"Somebody please rub some cold cream on my back!"

"I like it because you don't have to dress up."

"If I ever get back to civilization."

M. L. J.

Unexpected

THE kiss that comes when duty calls
Is like the gentle rain that falls
When you expect it, where it should—
An April shower in a wood;
But like a breath of June in fall—
The kiss you don't expect at all!

Alas! how few there are who get
An unexpected kiss, and yet
There are such blessings 'neath the moon—

In some lives it is always June!

M. H. C.

From a Phaeton behind a smartly stepping pair Virginia Hot Springs reveals lovely vistas



The charming pastime of driving is very much in vogue here—where picturesque carriage roads wind away to interesting spots and glorious views.

The HOMESTEAD Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr. Hot Springs Virginia

Special summer rates on request.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund (Continued from page 9)

W. L. S., Philadelphia.....	\$10.00
"In memory of M. A. W. and M. B. W., So. Orange, N. J....	15.00
Howard M. Cooper, Rutherford, N. J.....	3.00
F. H. Hoge, Pelham Manor, N. Y.	5.00
B. H. E., Buffalo, N. Y.....	11.00
Emma C. Watkins, New Bedford, Mass.....	50.00
Elfrieda G. Ebeling, Philadelphia..	11.00
Rev. James P. Ware, Drifton, Pa.	2.00
Mrs. James H. Jourdan, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5.00
Chas G. Douw, Scotia, N. Y.....	5.00
Edwin Melville Kahn, 2nd, Cin- cinnati, O.....	5.00
Mrs. Emily S. Prentiss, New Lon- don, Conn.....	10.00
Mrs. Arthur P. Williams, Bellows Falls, Vt.....	10.00
Mrs. James Warren McCrosky, N. Y. City.....	10.00
Dr. C. Douglas Crooks, Philadel- phia.....	11.00
Dr. W. A. Merkle, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5.00
Mrs. Frederic W. Echer, N. Y. City.....	10.00

Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable preparation which is already the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. Money back if it fails to please. 60c at Drug and Dept. stores. Trial tube 10c by mail.

HANNIBAL PHARM. CO., 811 Olive, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Mrs. C. Byron Cottrell, Westerly, R. I.....	\$10.00
J. H. H. Jr., N. Y. City.....	10.00
George M. Longaker, Pottstown, Pa.....	11.00
Dr. Walter H. Young, Scarsdale, N. Y.....	11.00
C. Birchall, Newark, N. J.....	11.00
Prof. H. M. Paul, Washington, D. C.....	5.00
Dr. Robert B. Greer, Butler, Pa...	5.00
J. S. McAnulty, Scranton, Pa....	10.00
In memory of M. E. S. B., Car- bondale, Pa.....	10.00
W. T. Colville, Carbondale, Pa....	11.00
George R. Packard, Philadelphia..	10.00
E. B. N., Houston, Texas.....	10.00
Master John A. Rathbone, Jr., and Miss Gracia Rathbone, Elmira, N. Y.....	25.00
From Powder—a lucky dog.....	10.00
Alice P. Smith, Elmira, N. Y.....	10.00
Laura J. Snyder, Pelham, N. Y....	25.00
M. C. J.....	10.00
Herbert Telsey, Brooklyn, N. Y..	1.00
B. G. Clark, N. Y. City.....	1.00
C. V. Meserole, N. Y. City.....	50.00
Mrs. Joseph M. Andreini, N. Y. City.....	11.00
In memory of Nathalie Burt Childs, N. Y. City.....	10.00
Robert Lee Morrell, N. Y. City....	10.00
Mrs. W. H. Aldridge, New Ro- chelle, N. Y.....	11.00
Sylvia G. Conway, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	5.00
Barbara Fairfield, Wilkinsburg, Pa.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Dan P. Ellis, Mil- waukee, Wis.....	3.00
"F. A. M.," Brookline, Mass.....	5.00
Jean Gordon, South Lincoln, Mass.....	22.00
A. H. Morley, Saginaw, Mich.....	11.00
Mrs. H. C. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.....	10.00
A. C. M., Philadelphia.....	50.00
M. H. W., Northampton, Mass....	12.00
S. W. Hutchins.....	2.00
H. B. Sherman, Utica, N. Y.....	5.00
Henry W. Gillett, N. Y. City.....	10.00
J. H. Postlethwaite, N. Y. City....	25.00
F. L. Holman, Merchantville, N. J.	10.00
C. H., Shelter Island Heights, N. Y.....	33.00
Edward M. Stetson, New Bedford, Mass.....	5.00
Anonymous, N. Y. City.....	1.00
H. S. L., Beaver Falls, N. Y.....	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Howard T. Savage, N. Y. City.....	12.00
Marion S. Comly, Maylan, Pa....	11.00
J. C. P., Rochester, N. Y.....	22.00
	\$2,741.20

Fresh Air Endowments

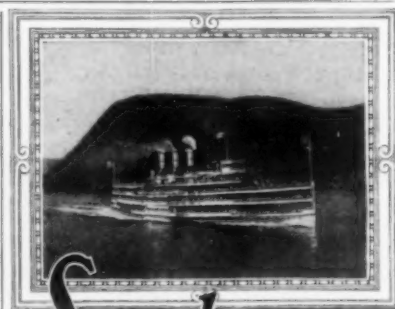
WE have figured that year in and year out the income from two hundred dollars safely invested will pay the cost of a fortnight's fresh air vacation for a poor city child. The contribution of that amount creates a Fresh Air Endowment which insures that every summer for all time some child will receive that happiness and benefit. Endowments may receive any name or designation desired by the donor. The principal sum of two hundred dollars is placed in a perpetual trust, safeguarded in every known way. The amount should be remitted to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

We have received from Mrs. William B. Warner of Pelham, New York, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 266
In memory of my sister, ZOE COMPTON
MOORE.

From interest on bank balances, uncut coupons, discount on bonds bought below par, partial contributions, etc.,

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENTS NOS.
267 to 275 (INCLUSIVE).
Not designated.



See the Hudson

—the ideal scenic travel route

North? South? East? West? Whatever your destination, you should plan to include the daylight trip up or down this river of wonderful and unequalled charm. Convenient rail connections.

A delightful water route between Albany and New York

For 150 miles an endless panorama of Nature's most superb handiwork viewed in cool comfort from the spacious decks of the magnificent Day Line flyers! It is an experience you cannot afford to miss.

Luxurious day parlors—select orchestras—superior cuisine. Rail tickets accepted New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Delightful One Day Outings. Write for illustrated booklet.

Hudson River Day Line

Desbrosses Street Pier, New York City

From the estate of Alme Louise Pierce of Boston, Mass., funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 276
In memory of my sister, HELEN G. T.
ELLIS.

From Miss Lucy N. Robinson of Middletown, Conn., funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 277
In memory of Mrs. FANNIE E. NORTON
ROBINSON.

Incidental Expense

MRS. HOE (from the back porch, to her amateur gardening husband): George, you'll simply have to stop asking the neighbors to sample those home-grown tomatoes of yours. The green-grocer's bill for this month is something frightful!

HANDS UP!

GET one of these little beauties right now, and protect yourself against hold-up, and things, rowdies, etc., and at the same time it serves as the best novelty cigarette case ever invented.

Made exactly like the real thing! Just pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes.

Lots of fun scaring your friends and at the same time useful and a great protector.

Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4 3/4 inches long. Sold exclusively by us. Order at once, supply limited. Special introductory price.

PAY POSTMAN on delivery our price plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

PATHFINDER COMPANY
Dept. Y48 834 Sixth Avenue New York

Maillard
MADISON AVENUE
at 47th Street
New York

Maillard
Confections
Luncheon
Afternoon Tea

Mens
Luncheon Service
47th St Entrance

"DROP ANOTHER, SANDY, YOU'LL NEVER FIND THAT."
"ARE YE DAFT, MON?—AN' ME SAVIN' 'BACCA COUPONS
FERRR THIS ONE THE PAST SIX MONTHS!"



Travelling Companions



THE intrinsic quality of the best leather goods begins with the selection of flawless skins and continues through the tanning and stitching to the finished product—be it sturdy hand-bag or dainty vanity case.

By their beauty of design, lasting wear and hidden strength, do they give silent testimony to the care and craftsmanship that made the original selection of perfect skins.

Leather and Travelling Goods sold by Boots The Chemists are of infinite variety. But they have one thing in common—*durability*, which makes them reliable travelling companions, ready to render a lifetime's service to the possessor. Prices, too, are extremely moderate.

In practically every town in Great Britain, Boots The Chemists have up-to-date establishments, where may be obtained, at moderate prices, every hygienic requisite that science has perfected for the preservation of health and the demands of the toilet. Boots The Chemists extend a cordial invitation to all American visitors to call at their branches. A visit will prove both profitable and enjoyable.

The
Boots
Chemists

Chief London Branch:

182 Regent Street,
W.1.

Over 700 Branches throughout
Great Britain.



BOOTS PURE DRUG
COMPANY LIMITED



Toasting brings out the hidden
flavor of the world's finest tobaccos.
A combination millions can't resist.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

